

2/6 A Pindarick on the  
**DEATH**

Of Our Late Sovereign ;

WITH AN

**Ancient Prophecy**

ON HIS

**Present MAJESTY.**

---

Written by A. BEHN.

---

**D U B L I N,**

Reprinted by *Andrew Crook and Samuel Helsham*; And are to be Sold  
at *Samuel Helsham's* at the *Colledge-Arms* in *Castle-street*.

A Pindrick on the

# DEATH

Of Our Late Sovereign;

WITH AN

## Ancient Prophecy

ON HIS

Present Majesty.



Written by A. BEHN.

### DUBLIN.

Reprinted by Andrew Crook and Samuel Hellman; And are to be sold  
at Samuel Hellman's at the College-Arms in Castle-Street.

# A Pindarick on the Death of Our Late Sovereign; with an Ancient Prophecy on His Present Majesty.

## STANZA I.

**S**AD was the *Morn*, the sadder *Week* began,  
And heavily the God of Day came on:  
From ominous *Dreams* my wondering Soul lookt out,  
And saw a Dire *Confusion* round about.

My Bed like some sad Monument appear'd,  
Round which the Mournful Statues wring their hands and weep;  
Distracted Objects all! with mighty Grief, prepar'd  
To rouse me from my painful sleep.

Not the sad Bards that wail'd *Jerusalem's* woes,  
(With wild neglect thro'out the peop'l'd street,  
With a Prophetick rage affrighting all they meet)  
Had mightier pangs of sorrow, mightier throes;  
*Ah! wretch, undone they Cry! awake forlorn,*  
*The King! the King is Dead! Rise! rise and Mourn!*

Again I bid 'em tell their sorrows *The King*,  
Again they Cry, *The King! The King is Dead!*  
*Extended, Cold and Pale, upon the Royal Bed;*  
Again I heard, and yet I thought it *Dream*;

*Impossible ! (Travelling Cry)*

That such a *Monarch* ! such a *God* should dye !  
 And no *Dire Warning* to the *World* be giv'n :  
 No *Hurricanes* on *Earth* ! no *Blazing Firs* in *Heav'n* !  
 The *Sun* and *Tyde* their *constant Courses* keep :  
 That cheers the *World* with its *Life-giving Reign*,  
 This halts with equal *Motion* to the *Deep* ;  
 And in its usual turns revives the *Banks* again,  
 And in its soft and easy way,

Brings up no *Storms* or *Monsters* from the *Sea* ;  
 No *Show'rs* of *Blood*, no *Temples Vale* is rent,  
 But all is *Calm*, and all is *Innocent*.

When *Nature* in *Convulsions* should be hurl'd,  
 And *Fate* should shake the *Fabrick* of the *World* ;  
*Impossible ! Impossible ! I Cry !*

*So Great a King ! so much a God ! so silently should dye !*

### III.

True I *Divin'd* ! when loe a *Voice* arriv'd,  
 Welcome as *that* which did the *Crowd* surprise,  
 When the *Dead Lazarus* from the *Tomb* reviv'd,  
 And saw a *Piercing God* attend his rise !  
 Our *Sovereign lives* ! it cry'd : rise and *Adore* !  
 Our *Sovereign lives* ! *Heaven* adds one *Wonder* more.

To the *Miraculous History* of his *Numerous* store :  
 Sudden as *thought*, or *winged Light'ning* flies,  
 This chas'd the *Gloomy Terrors* from our eyes,  
 And all from *Sorrows*, fall to *Sacrifice*,  
 Whole *Hecatombs* of *Vows* the *Altars* Crown,  
 To clear our *Sins* that brought this *Vengeance* down ; -  
 So the *Great Saviour* of the *World* did fall,  
 A *Bleeding Victim* to atone for all !  
 Nor were the *blest Apostles* more reviv'd,  
 When in the *Resurrection* they beheld  
 Their *Faith* *Establish*, and their *Lord* *Surviv'd*,

And

And all the *Holy Prophecies* fulfill'd.  
 Their *Mighty Love*, by *Mighty Joy* they show'd !  
 And if from *feebler Faith* before,  
 They did the *Deity*, and *Man Adore* ;  
 What must they pay, when He confirm'd the *God* ;  
 VWho having *shown* all His wonders here,  
 And *gave* Instructions given,  
 To make His *Bright Divinity* more *Cler* ;  
 Transfigur'd all to *Glory*, Mounts to *Heav'n* !

IV.

So fell our *Earthly God* ! so *Lov'd*, so *Mourn'd*,  
 So like a *God* again return'd.  
 For of His *Message*, yet a *part* was unperform'd,  
 But oh ! our *Pray'rs* and *Vows* were made too late,  
 The *Sacred Dictates* were already past ;  
 And open laid the *Mighty Book of Fate* ;  
 Where the *Great MONARCH* read His *Lifes short date* ;  
 And for *Eternity* prepar'd in haste  
 He saw in th'everlasting *Chair* ;  
 Of long past *Time* and *Numerous Things*,  
 The *Fates*, *Vicissitudes*, and *pains* ;  
 Of *Mighty Monarchies*, and *Mighty Kings*,  
 And blest His *Stars* that in an *Age* so *Vain*,  
 Where *Zealous Mischiefs*, *Frauds*, *Rebellions*, *Reign* :  
 Like *Moses*, he had led the *Murm'ring Crowd*,  
 Beneath the *Peaceful Rule* of his *Almighty Wand* ;  
 Pull'd down the *Golden Calf* to which they bow'd,  
 And left 'em *safe*, entr'ing the *promis'd Land* ;  
 And to good *JOSHUA*, now resigns his *sway* ;  
*JOSHUA*, by *Heaven* and *Nature* pointed out to lead the way.  
 Full of the *Wisdom* and the *Pow'r* of *God* ;  
 The *Royal PROPHET* now before him stood :

On



On whom his Hands the Dying MONARCH laid  
 And wept with tender Joy and Blest and said:  
 To Thee, kind Aid in all my Fate and Power,  
 Dear Partner of my sad and shortest Hours,  
 Thy Parting King and Brother recommends  
 His frighted Nations, and his Mourning State  
 Take to Thy Pious Care, my Faithful Folk;

And shot the Shetling Cedar Buds his bright  
 Regard said He, regard my tender Stock;

The Noble Stems may shoot and grow  
 To Grace the spacious Plains, and bow

Their spreading Branches round Thee in defensive Shade

The Royal S U C C E S S O R to all he hears

With sighs assented, and Confirming Tears,

Much more he spoke, much more he had Express;

But that the Charming Accents of his Tongue

Flew upwards, to Compos'd Heavenly Song

And left his speaking Eyes to Rest and rest the rest

His Eyes so much Ador'd, whose loss'ning light

Like setting Suns that hasten on the Night,

(Lending their Glories to another Sphere)

Those Sacred Lights are fading here

Whilst every Beam above informs a Star,

# VI.

Which shall a Nobler Business know

And Influence his best lov'd Friends below

But oh!

No Humane thought can paint the Grief and Love,

With which the parting Hero's strove.

Sad was the Scene, Soft looks the Voice supplies,

Anguish their Hearts, and Languishment their Eyes;

Not God like Jonathan with greater pain,

Sigh't his last Farewell to the Royal Swain;

While Awful silence fill'd the Gloomly place,

And

And *Death* and *Midnight* hung on every Face;  
 And now the fatal Hour came on;  
 And all the Blessed Pow'rs above,  
 In haste to make him A-L-L their own,  
 Around the *Royal Bed* in shining order move;  
 Once more he longs to see the *Breaking Day*;  
 The last his Mortal Eyes shall be behold,  
 And oft he ask'd if no Kind Ray,  
 Its near Approach foretold.  
 And when he found 'twas *Dawning* in  
 (With the Cold Tide of *Death*) that flow'd all thro'  
*Draw, Draw*, said he, this *Cloud* that hangs between  
 And let me see my last wish  
 Oh let me see my last wish

For I shall never, never see it more,  
 And Now —  
 Official Angels catch his sighs,  
 And bear 'em up in Triumph to the Skies;  
 Each forms a Soul! of the *Divine*  
 For *New-born Kings* and *Heav'n* to possess  
 The last, that from the *Sacred Patriarch*  
 Made *CH. RIST* a God, and *St. M. S.* a Monarch too!

## To His Sacred Majesty, King James II.

**A**LL *thine* Prince! whom every *Star*  
 Preferred for *Whit'nd* *Ruler*  
 When *Time* Your *Wonderful Story* shall unfold  
 Your *Glorious Deeds* in *Monuments* yet but Young;  
 Your strange *Escapes*, and *Danger* shall be told,  
 Your *Battels Fought*, Your *Gilded Lawrels won*,  
 When yet the *Elder Generals* (not in *Same*)  
 Your *Perils* dar'ft not share,  
 Alone the raging *Torrent* You wou'd stem,

And

And bear before you the fierce Tide of War,  
 How Spain Records Your glorious Name;  
 And how when Danger call'd, for Britain good,  
 You paid the lavish Ransom of Your Blood;  
 When the Ingrates shall Blushing read,  
 How far great Souls the vulgar can exceed  
 In *Patience, Suffering, and Humility*;  
 Your *Condescension*, and Your *Banishment*;  
 Then let the *Obstinate* (convinc'd) agree;  
 You only were preserv'd, and fit, for *Sacred Government*;  
 Come listen all, whom needless fears possess,  
 And hear how Heav'n confirms your happiness;  
 Behold the Sacred promis'd Prince,  
 Whom wond'rous prophets Ages since  
 Told, When the Mytick Figures of the Year,  
 To such a Number should Amount,  
 (As fill this Lucky Years Account)  
 O're England there should Reign a Star  
 Of that Divine and Gracious Influence,  
 Should make proud Neighbouring Nations see:  
 And mightier Britains happy Genius prove,  
 And bless the Land with Plenty, Peace, and Love.  
 'Tis YOU oh Sacred Sir, for Empire Born,

Shall make the great Prediction true,  
 And this last Miracle perform,  
 To make us Blest, and make us own it too.  
 Oh may Your Lustre with Your Life renew!  
 Long may You Shine, and spread Your Beams as far,  
 As from the Morning to the Evening Star;  
 Till Your convincing Ray Your foes o're come,  
 And for Your Glorious Reign the scant'd Globe want room.

( F A N T A S Y )